



JOLIET, ILLINOIS, FEBRUARY 9, 1847.

VOLUME 4, NUMBER 35.

BY C. & C. ZARLEY.

JOLIET SIGNAL.

Is published every Tuesday morning on Chicago-street, Joliet, Ill.
TERMS.—Two Dollars per annum payable in advance, or \$2.50 if payment is delayed until the end of the year.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One Square, 1 insertion, \$1.00
Each additional insertion, 0.25

6 months, 3.50
12 months, 5.00
Ordinary business cards per ann. 3.00

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MONTEPEY.

BY WM. H. COLE.

Hark, the sound of northern bugles,
Peals along the Southern's strand;
See the northern's stately banner
Streams along the Rio Grande.
From each tropic hill and valley,
Ere on Montezuma's way;
Sons of Spain, and Aztecs gather
Round the walls of Monterey.

Hark, the tramping of the charger—
Hark, the clanging of the steel!
See the Eagle banners flutter—
See the brilliant columns wheel!
Lo! the men of Palo Alto,
On the eighth and ninth of May,
Come to gather brighter laurels
From the walls of Monterey.

See! how in battle order
The glittering ranks deploy,
With the warrior's generous ardor,
With his stern and silent joy.
Loud booms the hostile thunder,
Thick falls the iron rain—
Yet still the march is onward
O'er the stormy battle plain.

Hark! a mighty shout is pealing,
Pealing on the foeman's ear,
Clearer than his loudest thunder!
'Tis the Saxon's onset cheer.
On they press, the gallant comrades
Of the horses, Ringold—May—
And the weapons of La Palma
Flash again at Monterey.

Up the heights the Bishop's palace,
Wrapt in clouds of smoke and flame,
Stands a beacon to the warrior
On his daring path to fame.
Up the heights the Bishop's palace,
As the war-cloud rolls along,
Spreads the cheering column's banner
From its ramparts dark and strong.

In the city enfiladed,
Hem'd with stockade, ditch and wall,
See the gallant Third is passing
On in triumph through them all.
See! the Texan Rangers panting,
Storming on their bloody way
The strongholds of the foeman,
Striking home at Monterey.

Long and bloody was the contest,
Many a gallant soldier fell,
Never in our country's annals
Was a battle fought so well.
Not in all the deeds of daring,
Since Freedom's earlier day,
Was there a brighter than the storming
Of the walls of Monterey.—(Albany Argus.)

For the Joliet Signal.

THE SPRING OF DEATH.

BY J. D. H.

Crossing the common the other morning at sunrise, I met an old gentleman "whose head was silvered o'er with age," walking with an unsteady step, aided by a huge hickory. "One more visit, one more," muttered he, "and then I'll leave the abode of civilization forever."

My curiosity was aroused by the appearance of the old man, and I guessed what was revolving in his mind from the desponding look and half articulated word that escaped his pale attenuated lips. I paused, and accosted him with a "good morning venerable father." He turned placing his staff before him, and clenching the pomel with both hands that he might partly balance his person on the same, in order to rest his weary limbs; "Ah! venerable, venerable," he exclaimed, and his countenance brightened as if some meteor of gentleness had chanced to chase away the gloom of self communion, that before appeared to encircle his high commanding brow—"yes venerable," he added and he seemed lost in reverie—childhood, youth, manhood, all save the present old age, rushed tumultuously upon his scattered memory. Several moments elapsed ere he raised his searching gaze from me, and then his countenance gradually resumed its former worn vacancy. Satisfied that I was a stranger, he turned to resume his march; I stepped to his side and offering my arm, which, with an exclamation of astonishment he accepted. "What does all this mean?" he muttered, and the changing expression of his visage, verified that index of a generous heart. Having at first divined the object of his early "sally out," we involuntarily walked to one of the stores in the big block, which not being opened at so early an hour, we seated ourselves under the awning on some barrels of salt. We soon entered into familiar conversation, and with an air of rapture, he asked if I was going to "treat this morning." I answered that I was, and that my treatment would be such as was due to age in any station, whether dressed in the garb of a prince, or that of a beggar. And, venerable sir, doubtless the scenes that you have passed and witnessed, if rehearsed would be replete with interest, and ample compensation for all the attention and reverence, due a father, whom time has left as a monument, a living record of an age, ancient, and nearly past the memory of man.

The apparent sincerity that I evinced amazed the old gentleman, he eyed me for a moment, and then arose by the aid of his "good hickory" to leave. I immediately again proffered my assistance, and he burst into tears; his errand had forgotten; and heart-rending memory triumphed as it this mortal bark was about to launch into eternities ocean. He passively suffered me to lead him to my residence, where he remained several days; during which he related the following incidents in his eventful career of life: The place of my nativity, said he, is German Flatts, in the valley of the Mohawk, Tryon county, now Herkimer county, N. Y. My education was commenced for the priesthood, but subsequent events changed the views of my parents, and at the early age of sixteen, I left the scenes of youthful endearments for the tented fields of the Revolution, and joined that little band of high-toned spirits, under the immediate command of the fearless and indefatigable Willett. It is needless for me to recount the trials that I endured in that memorable struggle, but suffice it to say, that I rendered that service to my country, which entitles me to the regard of government if not to individual respectability.

After peace was restored to our war-torn country, and its independence acknowledged by the civilized world, I was called into public life and Albany became my place of residence for many subsequent years. Although called to fulfill the important duties of a servant of a Sovereign constituency, which in itself is considered not only honorable but pleasing, particularly to the ambitious, yet to me it was the commencement of an existence, ultimately more intolerable than ten thousand deaths, the "kindling of the fire that is never quenched." Fashion, the grand mistress of the Universe, I found here in state; but the din of business at first prevented me from approaching her avenues, yet her votaries finally forced me along and soon I was found floating in her train. Here for the first time I saw the "Social Spring," and fashion prompted me to partake of its highly valued waters; with friends I drank, and with them pronounced it delicious. But business forced me away for this time but she called again, and I reluctantly obeyed the summons, yet I found the waters of the spring more refined than before, and I was induced to prolong my visit.

The attractions of fashion now began to render business irksome, and I finally came to the conclusion to explore the waters of this beautiful spring to its fountain source. This I soon accomplished, and found thousands there before me, and was told that thousands had left and gone the road from "whose bourne no traveler returns." To me this was a sad reality, but fashion called and I must drink at the source of the Spring: I drank and oh! how delightful. I drank again and again; but not from the crystal fount that sprang up before Hagar—not from the pool of Bethesda, nor the well of Sychar, but from a Spring whose fount is as eternal & enduring as the march of civilization only. Daily I now visited the spring, and the crowd of triflers was immense; the wild delight that reigned in every breast, gave but little opportunity for reflection, yet in my tranquil moments, in my waking dreams, I saw it all. The hardy yeoman, who, like myself had become spell-bound by these enchanted waters, gradually lost his hale, robust appearance, his splendid statesman whose fire of eloquence had astonished an admiring world, soon began to relax, and the affection of my own nerves at last aroused my suspicions. I examined the Spring, and lo! a reptile lay engirdling the bottom, whose poison not only polluted the spring, but when disturbed contaminated the very air we breathed. I proposed to remove the loathsome object that the visitors might drink and not be subject to its direful influence; but a miserable Shylock looking creature, told me that he was the proprietor of the spring, and that the reptile (as I chose to term it) must not be removed, as it was that which supplied the fount, and imparted life, and enchantment to its waters.

After a minute examination of the reptiles entire locality and habits, I became satisfied of its pestiferous properties, and to drink the waters of the spring was im-molation in the extreme. But I drank, and drank again, that I might allay the thirst the fever that now began to rage within me.

With horror I saw many of my compeers leave the spring—well I knew that the poison of the reptile had done its work; they had gone, gone to their long home. Nevertheless I continued to drink and entice others to follow my example.

Finally the tide of events called me away from this scene of death, and I was commissioned to serve my constituents in other and distant countries. I went to France, that land of glory, whose cannon was booming o'er all continental Europe, proclaiming victory, and first liberty to an enthralled people. At Paris I was ushered into the gay troop of fashion, when lo! a Spring more brilliant than the one I had left was before me. Fashion induced me to test the genuineness of its waters, I drank, and the enchantment was complete. When I left my home, I was overjoyed to think that this incubus this eternal fire was to be extinguished. But alas, my star of hope had set forever. Repeated visits and observation forced upon me my former convictions. I examined this fount, and oh! horror! there lay the reptile, the mighty monarch of the spring, unrelenting and implacable, supplying poisoned bev-

erage to thousands, yet I drank and repeated the draught, vainly endeavoring to quench the fire, to appease the worm that was gnawing at my vitals.

Time the grand unimpairer of creation, rolled on ceaseless and unimpairer bringing ephemeral joys to some, to others a message from the unknown world, while I was left to epitomize and review my wild career, and turn from the error of my ways and walk erect as one of the noble works of God. But alas! my doom was sealed. The Spring and the reptile was ever before me and I drank deep, yet my thirst remained unsatisfied. At last I received intelligence that my Government required my immediate presence at Rome, I repaired to Italy flatter myself that that sweet sunny land would prove an asylum, a balm to my wounded spirit, but even in the Eternal City, I found the Spring of Death, and full well I knew that the cancer worm was there. After the execution of my mission at Rome, I visited Vienna, when the crowned heads of Europe had congregated to dispose of the grandeur of the fallen Emperor; and here my embassy ceased. I had served my country abroad for years, and I now wished to seek repose such as is only found in the private walks of life. But even here the detested spring was before me, and I must drink of its poison; at last I resolved to flee from its presence, I traveled o'er the most of Europe and Asia, I

"Knocked at the gates,
Of the cities of the world,"
Yet I ever met the spring with the loathsome worm nestled in its bosom. Finally I returned to my native land, to the home of my childhood, and oh God! even in that once happy vale, the pride of my ancestors, the Eldorado of the Mohawk, on the very site where once stood the Chieftain's wigwam, on the little hill whose top was ensconced by the old Fort during our Revolutionary struggle, issued the fatal spring whose waters were as unrelenting as the march of civilization men. But even here on the graves of my fathers I partook of its waters.

The changes that time had wrought in my absence, was almost incalculable. Most of my old associates had passed away and with their notions, political, as well as private, and of course I was dropped from the political calendar, as one too ancient to be useful, and those installed who had participated in a Rip Van Winkle repose; now I became a constant visitor of the spring, with unnatural eagerness I quaffed the maddening bowl, again and again I drank that I might quench the fire that was literally consuming my vitals. At last I came to the bold determination to flee from the presence of my inveterate enemy, the abhorred Spring. I plunged into the western wilds, but firm and steady the civilian pursued, carrying with him the unrelenting reptile of the spring, that he might embrace every favorable opportunity to apply the cup of death to his brothers lips. With a determination never to return to my home, or even to inform my few remaining friends of my earthly continuance, I paused not until I reached the confines of the broad prairies of the west, where alone the red man roamed happy and contented receiving the bounties of the "Great Spirit" with gratitude and mirth. Twenty years repose on the broad prairie of Illinois, has not in the least appeased the burning appetite within me or cooled the fever of my bursting brain. Twenty years have elapsed since I resolved to avoid the abode of civilized man, and even now while in your midst, my soul is on fire, I am in search of the spring, the fount of which is the Distillers Worm—the Worm that never dies.

A DARING DEED.

A Sketch from the Gulf.

"I have something to tell you which I am sure will please you—one of our real dashy, off hand, brilliant affairs, by a small party, worthy of the times of Decatur and Somers. We received the news a few days ago, that is, a general statement of the facts. I shall do a little filling for your especial edification—but the facts and the acts, stand for themselves.

The late movements of the squadron on different points, left the U. S. Brig Somers, under Lt. Com'dr R. Simms, the only vessel blockading the immediate port of Vera Cruz.

On the evening of the 19th November, nothing being in sight the Somers ran into the anchorage at Green Island. On the morning of the 19th, they were mortified to find a brig under Mexican colors, standing in to the northward for the castle, and too close for them to cut her off. The Mexicans received her with great joy and exultation. She was now safe under the protection of their powerful batteries, and to make it worse, our officers would have to stand the jokes of the English, with whom we often exchange visits—their squadron of observation anchored at Sacrificos, saw, of course, the brig slip so easily through the blockade. The Somers remained quietly at her anchors, and on the next day, (the 20th) we have the opening of the first Act—time, afternoon—Lt. Com. Simms pacing the deck, looking rather blowy—nobody in fact, particularly good humored. Enter—Lt. Jas. S. Parker, 2d Lieut. of the brig, with passed Midshipmen R. C. Rogers, and J. H. Hyson. They approached Lt. P.—We

request permission, sir, to visit the English squadron at Sacrificos." Lt. Com'dg S. hesitates. Parker continues—"We might get some information." Lt. Com'dg S.—"You can go, sir, you must be lieutenant, as soon as possible." Lieut. P. and friends exchange glances, evidently pleased. "Certainly, sir, can we have the 1st Cutter, sir?" Lt. Com'dg S. "No sir, you may take the 3d." Parker and friends evidently lower in chops. "Very good, sir." In a little while they shove off, and before sunset are pleasantly chatting with the officers of the celebrated frigate "Edymion." (She was one of the squadron that Captured Com. Decatur in the President.) When the night had well set in, Parker and his friends bade their English friends good evening, and as they shook hands, requested them, "If nothing is heard of us before to-morrow evening, please send word to the Somers that we are dead or taken prisoners in the Castle, for we are going to cut out or burn the brig that gave us the slip yesterday."

The Englishman laughed, and promised, never thinking them mad enough for such an attempt. They shoved off, and soon were lost to his sight. Nine gallant hearts were there, who left on a desperate enterprise with such a slight farewell—they were in a small six oared boat—3 officers—6 good men. It did seem madness—not so much to do the deed, as to escape after the deed was done, from the fire of such and so many batteries—for discovery seemed inevitable, as the brig was moored to the walls of the Castle, and overlooked by the sentries; madness—yet, it is madness that often wins that which wisdom will not dare. The Englishman a gallant fellow—thought them mad as they pulled away. Three hours after, the Quarter-master of the watch, called his attention to a strange light at the Castle—it flickered—flashes sprung up—flames burst out—and by her own light, he saw the brig under the castle's wall consuming. Running his eye along the now lighted horizon he saw a small boat pulling steadily, and far on her way to Green Island. "By God, they're none it."

But let us go with our own true hearted boys. Slightly armed with each a cutlass and one pistol cheerily they pulled away, yet gently, and presently lay on their oars, about a mile from the Castle—muffled their oarlocks—arranged their plans—every man understanding his place, they waited till silence and the increasing darkness favored their designs. "Now, men," said Parker, "give way—sink your oars well—pull steady—not a word—give way." And the boat glided like a dark shadow over the wave. The castle seems to rise from out the gloom, as they approach, and its huge battlements spread out into darkness. Silent as death, with steady noiseless stroke they urge the boat. The brig looms up, they see the very sentry on the wall—and they unseen. Good fortune speed them. One other pull—the oars slide quietly from the lock—they touch the brig, and eight brave men are springing up her sides. The careless night watch dreamless of danger, was smoking with a comrade, leaning against the mainmast—hearing a noise he turned, exclaiming, "Queen Vi"—a stunning blow cut short his challenge, and ere his mate had turned round to see the cause, he too was fallen upon the deck. Three others were secured upon the deck. Swift and noiseless as had been the work, the sentries on the Castle observed the disturbance on the brig and hailed to know the cause. Parker, who spoke Spanish like a native, assumed the part of the Captain replied coolly—"Some of my rascals are tipsy, and I am trying them, that's all. I don't want any assistance." His officers and men meanwhile were busy securing all they could find below, and in less time than it takes to tell it, they had securely bound and gagged all on board. The sentries on the wall never imagining the possibility of an enemy at their very side, and he, as soon as the Mexican crew were secured, remained quiet for some time—then cautiously passing his prisoners and men into his boat, everything was prepared for their retreat. The three now entered the hold of the brig and carefully fired her in various parts, building their fires so that some twenty or thirty minutes would elapse before they would burst out. The brig was securely moored by chains to the Castle walls, but it would have been impossible had she been free, for them to have got her out. She was laden with a rich cargo of warlike stores, of which little or nothing had been removed by the Mexicans. Regaining their boat now heavy with the added weight of their prisoners, the gallant party pulled away—silently, slowly, leaving their prey—deep sinking their oars, they tug on their way. Those only who have known immediate great danger can imagine the hard strung nerves of that noble crew, as resolute for all fortune, but hopeful for good, they cautiously won their first hundred yards from the Castle. The slightest accident might discover them, and to be discovered was to be the mark of a hundred cannon. They have won their way. The castle has sunk in darkness. The Lavandera is passed, when presently they see a flickering light and hear the drums of the castle. "Give way, my hearties," cries Parker, "we have built a reason that may light us to our graves." Soon they had passed out of

range, and as their flaming prey sent up now bright flashes to the skies, they gave three hearty, happy cheers. Such, so far as I can gather, may pass for an account of the most gallant and best conducted deed of the war."

From the St. Louis Herald.

A Discovery.

A Sucker, who appeared to have just come over from the far interior of Illinois, was standing yesterday all alone at the corner of Market and Main streets, amusing himself to the full without apparently any good object being about to cause his laughter. He wore a striped kind of coat, of the oddest pattern ever seen in this market, and it appeared, from the pieces, shades of color, &c., as if his mother had commenced with the striped stuff on his first induction into a coat, and followed it up by patching and piecing as he grew and wore it out, until it had attained its present size and variety of shades. His pedal extremities were encased in copers-colored homespun, and the rim of his hat—a white wool—hung round his ears as if time had taken the starch out of it. Thus, with his hands in his pockets, and his funny coat tail pushed out behind, like the ladies' new fashioned sacks, he every now and then exploded with laughter, stooped down to hold his sides, or exclaimed:

"Oh, well, I swear, that goes another on 'em!" which would be followed by another burst.

After observing him for some time, we came to the conclusion that he had become insane, and crossed over to test his state of mind. As we neared him, he let out another exclamation:

"Well, I'll swear, they've all got 'em!" Walking up, we clapped our hand upon his shoulder, and very kindly inquired what ailed him.

"Oh, ho," says he, breaking out again; "can't you see?—oh, ho, ha! Well I'll swear, that's good, he can't see—oh, ho, ha!"

"What is it, sir?" we persisted; "are you troubled with anything of a shape hysterical?"

"Sterick!" says he; "no! oh, ho, ha! Thunder, I'm troubled with them things the women of this 'ere town is carryin' afore 'em!"

"What do you mean?" we further questioned; "their muffs?"

"Well, ah, ha!" laughed he again. "I don't know what you call 'em, stranger, but they look to me just as if they wur carryin' a young bar cub by the head and tail—ah, ho, ha!"

And that appeared to be all that ailed him.

DISCOVERY ON LAKE SUPERIOR.—An important discovery, we understand, has been made by a gentleman connected with the Geological and Coast Survey. It is the existence of loadstone on Middle Island, about two miles north-west of granite, on which occur dykes of greenstone trap, and in two of these, numerous specimens of the wonderful mineral had been found. The ranges run nearly North and South. The loadstone would readily be mistaken for a form of granite. This accounts for the remarkable variations of the magnetic needle in those regions. As Mr. Houghton truly observes, none living have any adequate conception of the immense mineral wealth that bounds the waters of the "Father of Lakes."

Steam Packets on the Canal.

We understand that a company is in progress of organization for the purpose of starting early on the completion of the Illinois and Michigan Canal, a line of iron Packets to be propelled by steam.—The boats to be about 100 feet long and of convenient width for comfortable passage boats, intending to run them through to La Salle (about 90 miles) in 12 hours.

We also understand that sufficient arrangements are already made with Messrs. Knapp & Totten, Pittsburg founders, for these boats and engines, to insure their almost certain adoption. We believe this is the House already employed to build engines and pumping machinery for supplying the canal with water.

The boilers, engines and paddles, are all the invention of an engineer of this city, and from what we have seen of the plans, (although we are no engineer) still we cannot but feel great confidence in its success.

It is well known that unsuccessful efforts have been made at the east to introduce steam packets on the canal. The invention here alluded to is believed to obviate the difficulties heretofore encountered.—Chicago Dem.

The Lethan Vapor.

We had the pleasure of seeing an experiment made with the lethan vapor, on Tuesday, by Dr. Goddard, the dentist.—One of the most respectable ladies of our city had six decayed teeth that she wished pulled. She inhaled the vapor for a short time, and Dr. Goddard extracted, three of them in rapid succession. When they were extracted, she exhibited symptoms of pain, but, a few moments afterwards, when her full consciousness returned, she stated that she had not experienced the least pain or the slightest disagreeable sensation.—Louisville Jour.